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**SONGS  
FROM  
BHARTRIHARI**

26142

By  
**Sir Lal Gopal Mukerji**  
and  
**Bankey Behari**

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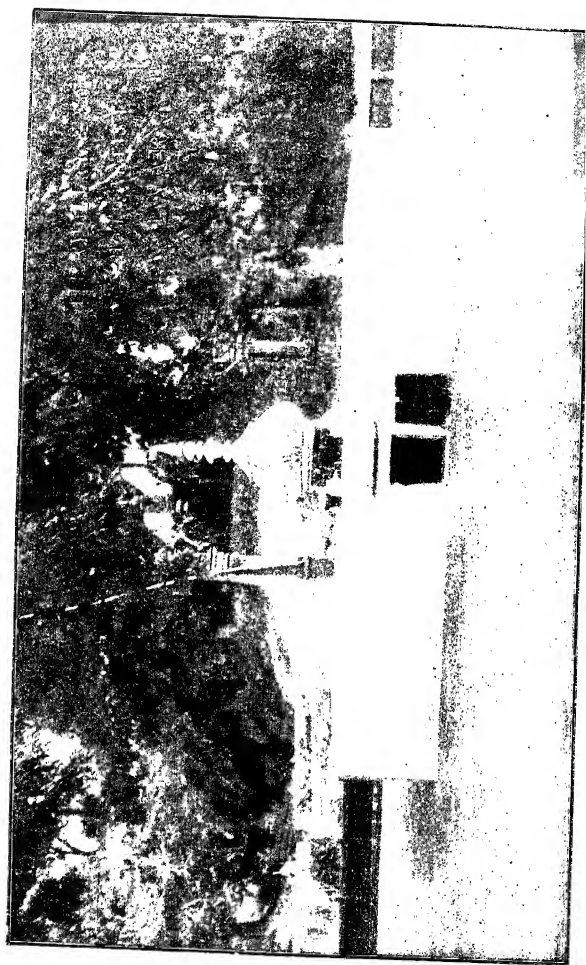
THE GITA PRESS, CORAKHUPUR

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SONGS

from

BHARTRIHARI



# SONGS FROM BHARTRIHARI

By

Sir LAL GOPAL MUKERJI, Kt.

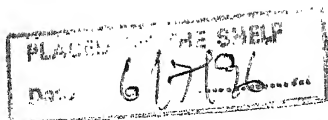
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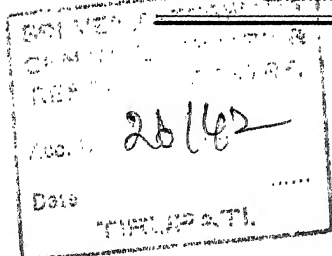
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Editor, Temple of Mysticism Series

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# INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION

A king has come down to posterity and is remembered not for his exploits in arms, the strong imprints of which he has left on the sands of time, but for being a singer of spiritual values, whose songs, no less than three hundred ślokas, usually consisting of four lines, deal with a wide range of subjects, from the love of the Creator and erotic poetry to ethical and moral advice and appeals to renunciation of the world. Classified under three heads they are generally culled under, Śṛṅgāra, Nīti and Vairāgya. They are as appears from their contents, written by him at different periods of his life—from the time when he dwelt in the midst of gaiety and was known as Maharaja Bhartṛhari ruler of the vast kingdom of Ujjain to the period when with the garments of the barks of trees, he wandered with the name of Śiva on his lips in the midst of beautiful scenes drawing his inspiration from the murmuring brooks and

the bubbling springs. In these offerings to poesy we have the glimpses of revolt, of sympathy and of mystic raptures.

Hermit Bhartṛhari, is the phase of his life with which we deal in this book, and of his writings of that period. This must not be understood that we do not consider them equally important or excellent from the literary point of view that we ignore the Śṛṅgāra and Nīti Śatakas, but because that is beyond our subject which is Mysticism. And it is here that we find flashes of it. As to his first two works who will not stop to brood and marvel at the literary excellence and imagery of his poems in the Nīti and the Śṛṅgāra Śatakas? Therein, in choice similes to take an illustration, we have his description of the attributes of true friendship:—

क्षीरेणात्मगतोदकाय हि गुणा दत्ताः पुरा तेऽखिलाः  
क्षीरे तापमवेक्ष्य तेन पयसा स्वात्मा कृशानौ हुतः ।  
गन्तुं पावकमुन्मनस्तदभवद् दृष्ट्वा तु मित्रापदं  
युक्तं तेन जलेन शाम्यति सतां मैत्री पुनस्त्वीदृशी ॥

"Evidently the poets have no sense. They call women weak. Those whose amorous glances have conquered even gods like Indra, surely they are not weak."

A keen observer, none will deny. His experiences, sometimes bitter, are really revealing. Here is one:—

"I speak the Truth without any mitigation. Just listen. In this world there is nothing sweeter than a woman, and nothing which is a source of greater bitterness, and misery too."

स्मितेन भावेन च लज्जया भिया  
पराङ्मुखैर्धकटाक्षवीक्षणैः ।  
वचोभिरीर्ष्याकलहेन लीलया  
समस्तभावैः खलु बन्धनं स्त्रियः ॥

In the pages following we have selected from his *Vairāgya-Śataka*. One song has been culled from the *Niti-Śataka* as well. Suffice it to say that some of these ślokas are really wonderful and engrave themselves on the hearts of people who do meditate on the nature of life. We

have called them songs, and so they really are. It is possible that some other editors might have selected different ones from his whole set of a century of ślokas. It all depends on one's taste. Our only apology is they have appealed to us more than others and hence they find a place here.

Translation is always a difficult task. Owing to the method of *Samāsa*, by which several words are joined together, in this compressed form a far wider ambit of ideas is covered in a few words. Again, a literal translation seldom succeeds in expressing the beauty of the original ślokas and at the same time makes the reading lifeless and insipid. However, the throb and the pulse is retained if while retaining the sense liberty is taken with words. We have, therefore, tried to bring out the sense of the *songs* by even adding a few words of our own here and there, wherever we thought it necessary. The book is primarily meant for those English-knowing gentlemen who are unacquainted with the Sanskrit

literature. However, for the benefit of those who know Sanskrit also and would like to remember the lines in the original and to enjoy their charm we have given the original lines also. There are many editions of the text of *Vairāgya-Śataka* and several translations also, by Kale, Apte, and from the Ramkrishana Mission Institute. But they differ only in minor points, while the sense remains undisturbed in the various readings of the texts. In our selection, however, we have adopted the version which appeared to us to bring out the sense best.

The theme of the songs in the *Vairāgya-Śataka* is the transitoriness of the world, the ephemeral nature of what passes for pleasure and happiness in this world. The appeal is to a simple life, which has an ideal and a goal before it, *viz.*, Self-Realization. Bhartṛhari is equipped to speak on the subject with confidence, as he had seen the material life as intimately as the spiritual one. Apart from the melody, one is thrilled by the coherent exposi-

tion and the vigorous appeal these lines make to the mind. Bhartṛhari is an exponent of Vedānta, and we see the religious teacher in him at various places drawing our attention to the injunctions of the Śāstras. While advocating Vairāgya, Bhartṛhari does not point to any negative aspect of renunciation that would make us helpless and lazy, but advocates a spirit of detachment. "Sensual indulgence is always attended by fear of disease, beauty is ever exposed to the risk of old age and even a good name may be exposed to risk at the hands of a wily and unscrupulous slanderer", says he. Bhartṛhari insists on a logical approach at these subjects. However, we find with what vehemence he advocates individual effort, and seems as of old to point to the efficacy of *Name* as the pathway that will lead to Self-Realization. He is never tired of insisting on chanting the name of Śiva. His theme throughout is the impermanence of everything all around:—

भ्रातः कष्टमहो महान् स नृपतिः सामन्तचक्रं च तत्  
पार्श्वे तस्य च सापि राजपरिषत्ताश्चन्द्रबिम्बाननाः ।  
उद्रिक्तः स च राजपुत्रनिवहस्ते वन्दिनस्ताः कथाः  
सर्वं यस्य वशादगात् स्मृतिपदं कालाय तस्मै नमः ॥

“Brother, watch how painfully does time efface, turning into dim memory them that once were powerful kings surrounded by ministers, counsellors, queens with faces beautiful as the orb of the moon, impetuous princes and bards. Time is most powerful. Must we not make a bow unto it?”

And we are by now familiar with his exhortation to give up these vain quests and “Seek ye, my dear friends only That. Enjoy That the taste of which will make the very kingship of the three worlds insipid. Once you have tasted this unfading enjoyment, you will no longer find pleasure in rich food and clothes or even honour.”

तस्मादनन्तमजरं परमं विकासि  
तद् ब्रह्म चिन्तय किमेभिरसद्विकल्पैः ।  
यस्यानुषङ्गिण इमे भुवनाधिपत्य-  
भोगादयः कृपणलोकमता भवन्ति ॥

The life of Bhartṛhari fits in with what we find in his songs. A few words about it will not be out of place and in any case will elucidate some points in the following songs. We have not been able to find any authentic data about his life. All that has come down filtering through the ages is more or less traditional and hearsay. But perhaps all are agreed that a domestic aversion led Bhartṛhari to forsake his kingdom and take up Sannyāsa. It is during this period of Sannyāsa that he is accredited with having composed these songs.

He is said to have flourished about the first or second century of the Christian Era. He was the ruler of Ujjain and was fortunate in having for



his minister his own brother, the well known Vikramāditya, after whom we have the Vikrama Era.

Tradition has it that Bhartṛhari had a favourite queen, to whom he was greatly devoted. Probably the queen was the youngest of all others or maybe between her and the king there was a great disparity of age. Whatever be the cause, the queen did not return the love of the king, although she apparently made great professions while in her heart of hearts she disliked him and had her affections centred in one of the Officers of the State. The latter pretended to reciprocate, in the hope of anticipated lifts in his office; but genuinely he had regards only for a courtesan in the Capital and for none else. The courtesan on her part sold her love to anybody who paid the price for it and the officer of the State could lay no special preference to her love nor did she in her heart hold him in esteem.

While such intrigues were progressing in the royal household and in the capital, a simple act was being done that was to disturb the equanimity of the Palace. In the jungle close by one of the king's subjects, a Yogī, was doing penance for years to propitiate his deity, and luckily for him, his penances proved efficacious and his god rewarded him with a little unrivalled gift. It was a fruit, the partaker of which, if young, would maintain his youthful charms, while, besides, anybody who would take it would get the boon of life immortal.

The Yogī thought that he was not a fit person to enjoy the blessings that the fruit meant to confer, and considered the considerate King Bhartrihari as the right person to enjoy it, so that a just rule might be administered in the realm. Having pondered thus, the Yogī decided to present it to the king.

The next morning the Yogī visited the king while he was holding his

court. He was readily admitted into the presence of the king, as was the wont with the latter, who held holy men in high esteem. The Yogi enumerated the virtues of the fruit and offered it to the king. The king gratefully accepted it and rewarded the Brahman. The king greatly loved his queen, and she was more precious to him than his own life. He therefore decided to offer it to the queen, so that she might brave the effect of time and stand its ravages. The queen after offering a few apologies accepted it. Then she thought that her paramour was more worthy than herself to eat the fruit; for love, however ill-placed, effaces self and delights in the welfare of the beloved. The queen gave the fruit to her lover. For the same reasons that prompted the queen, the fruit was passed on by the officer to his beloved courtesan. The courtesan had got tired of her life spent in the house of ill fame. She did not like to perpetuate her youth

and reposing his confidences and love at places and in people who were not deserving. When such shocks come, the period of repentance, at once genuine and true, follows. This has been the case with many a great devotee in the world. The impact has been sharp and they have recoiled with it. The insipidness and hypocrisy of life has dawned as if by a stroke from the miracle man. Sometimes hatred and repulsion, at other times grief and loss and at yet other moments the bare glimpse of the heavenly light has changed the careers of many a great soul and guided the pilgrims after perfection to their Home. When the glass case was broken and the conventional forms passing for love stood in their nakedness, the gruesome sight was so hideous that Bhartrihari revolted and left the idle pursuit in which he had been passing his life. The illumination was to come later; but the Teacher in this case was a woman, howsoever indirectly she contributed, as in the case of Tulasidas, towards the

Search. However, he was bitter at the outset when he received the shock, and this bitterness is portrayed by him in his oft-quoted lines:—

यां चिन्तयामि सततं मयि सा विरक्ता  
साप्यन्यमिच्छति जनं स जनोऽन्यसक्तः ।  
अस्मत्कृते च परितुष्यति काचिदन्या  
धिक्तां च तं च मदने च इमां च मां च ॥

“She who is always present in my  
mind has no love for me;  
She pines for another, and this  
another in his turn has his love  
placed elsewhere;  
Another woman loves me (though  
I care not for her);  
God of Love! it is who is to be blamed  
and so am I and the rest of the lot!”

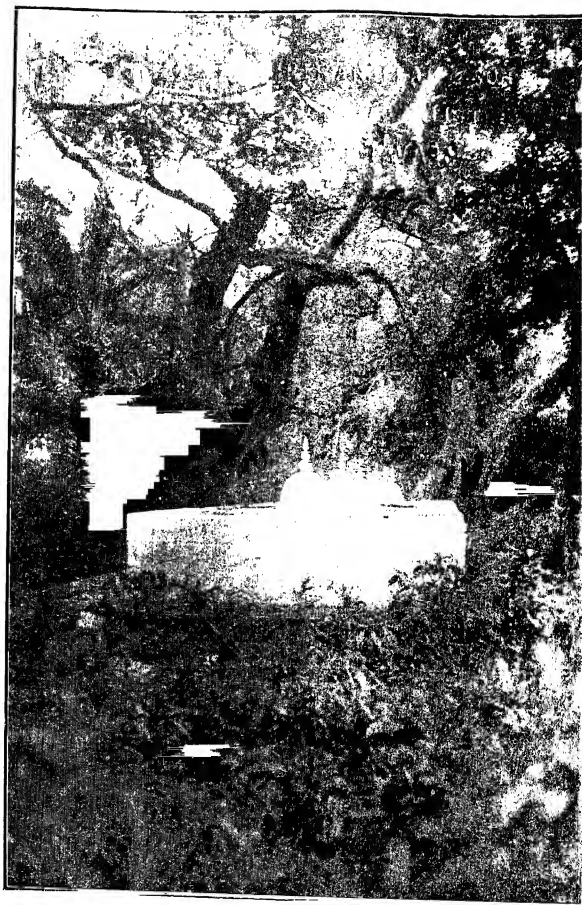
Wandering faquirs in ochre-coloured  
robes are still to be seen, every now  
and then, moving from place to place,

playing on a stringed instrument and singing songs about Raja Bhartṛhari. It would appear that a sect of Yogīs was founded by Bhartṛhari himself or some disciple of his. Raja Bhartṛhari lives in the songs sung by him and will be immortal in his fame so long as there will be people on this earth to care for the elegance and melody of the Sanskrit literature.

*Dasehra Day,*  
1936.

L. G. M.  
B. B.

---



Samādhi of Bhartrihari.

( By Courtesy of Dr. Mata Prasad, Alwar. )

SONGS

from

BHARTRIHARI



## BHARTRIHARI

In short verses the Hindus excel. Their mastery of form, their play of fancy, their depth and tenderness of feeling, are all exquisite. Of the many who wrote such verses, the greatest is Bhartṛhari.

—Arthur W. Ryder.

[ *An Anthology of World Poetry*,  
Edited by M. V. Doren, Cassell. ]

उत्खातं निविशङ्कया क्षितितलं ध्माता गिरेर्धातवो  
निस्तीर्णः सरिताम्पतिर्नृपतयो यत्नेन सन्तोषिताः ।  
मन्त्राराधनतत्परेण मनसा नीताः श्मशाने निशाः

प्राप्तः काण्वराट्कोऽपि न मया तृष्णेऽधुना मुञ्च माम् ॥

In search of treasures did I dig up  
the face of the earth. In pursuit of  
alchemy many an ore did I melt. In  
search of wealth did I cross the very  
oceans and spared no pains in pleasing  
the kings. To obtain power and wealth  
did I pass nights after nights in the  
cremation-ground, chanting the incanta-  
tions. Yet all my efforts did not bring  
me even a broken shell. I sought for  
the cause. It lay in my desires. Accursed  
are they. I pray thee, O greed, leave  
me now.



भ्रान्तं देशमनेकदुर्गविषमं प्राप्तं न किञ्चित् फलं  
 त्यक्त्वा जातिकुलभिमानमुचितं सेवा कृता निष्फला ।  
 मुक्तं मानविवर्जितं परगृहेष्वाशङ्कया काकवत्  
 तृष्णे दुर्मति पापकर्मनिरते नाद्यापि सन्तुष्यसि ॥

In vain did I tread difficult paths  
 and roamed through inaccessible regions.  
 Unmindful of my high birth, did I  
 serve mean people but with no pro-  
 fitable results. In shame and in disgrace  
 did I pass my days, terrified in approach-  
 ing unwelcome homes, and living on  
 crumbs thrown in disdain at me as to  
 a crow. Yet with all this far from  
 sight remained the goal. Accursed desire,  
 thou promptest one to evil deeds. Fie  
 on thee. Art thou still unsatisfied with  
 my self-abasement ?

खलोल्लापाः सोढाः कथमपि तदाराधनपरै-  
निर्गृह्यान्तर्बाष्पं हसितमपि शून्येन मनसा ।  
कृतश्चित्तस्तम्भः प्रतिहृतधियामञ्जलिरपि  
त्वमाशे मोघाशे किमपरमतो नर्त्तयसि माम् ॥

I put up with insulting words to propitiate the wicked ones. With subdued tears and a broken heart I feigned a vacant smile. I suppressed my emotions and composed myself. In supplication I bowed even to those fools. Yet all to no purpose. Accursed and delusive Hope, why playest thou thus with me still ?

निवृत्ता भोगेच्छा पुरुषबहुमानो विगलितः  
समानाः स्वर्ग्यताः सपदि सुहृदो जीवितसमाः ।  
शनैर्यष्ट्योत्थानं घनतिमिररुद्धे च नयने  
अहो धृष्टः कायस्तदपि मरणापायचकितः ॥

With the approach of old age the hunger for enjoyment has disappeared. The body is enfeebled and all self-respect gone. The dear ones of our age have already gone to rest in heaven. On crutches we carry ourselves and with sight impaired walk. Yet, how shameless that this body trembles to think of its ultimate dissolution.

भोगा न भुक्ता वयमेव भुक्ता-

स्तपो न तप्तं वयमेव तप्ताः ।

कालो न यातो वयमेव याता-

स्तृष्णा न जीर्णा वयमेव जीर्णाः ॥

Innumerable are the enjoyments in life. We could not exhaust them, rather are we ourselves exhausted. Infinite was the number of penances. The body succumbed only to extreme misery. Time did not know its end, rather we saw ours. Our desires never know infirmity or old age, we ourselves have aged.

क्षान्तं न क्षम्य गृहोचितसुखं त्यक्तं न सन्तोषतः  
 सोढा दुःसहशीतवाततपनक्लेशा न तप्तं तपः ।  
 ध्यातं वित्त-इर्निशं नियमितप्राणैर्न शम्भोः पदं  
 तत्तत् कर्म कृतं यदेव मुनिभिस्तैस्तैः फलैर्वञ्चिताः ॥

Forgiveness we practised, but not  
 out of compassion. The comforts of  
 home we renounced, but not willingly.  
 Bitter rigours of climate, weather and  
 seasons we bore, but prompted by no  
 idea of austerities. We practised night-  
 long meditation only to please Mammon.  
 The control of breath we practised, but  
 not with thoughts centred at the feet  
 of the Lord. To all appearances our  
 acts were the envy of sages, yet no  
 beneficial fruits ever fell to our lot.

अजानन् दाहात्म्यं पततु शलभस्तीव्रदहने  
 स मीनोऽप्यज्ञानाद् बडिशयुतमश्नातु पिशितम् ।  
 विजानन्तोऽप्येते वयमिह विपज्जालजटिलान्  
 न मुञ्चामः कामानहह गहनो मोहमहिमा ॥

What does the moth see in the  
 candle-flame ? It falls into it. Life departs.  
 By ignorance prompted, thus doth he  
 act. The fish swallows the bait. Little  
 doth she see death sting behind the  
 meat; her act the fruit of ignorance.  
 How wonderful should the force of  
 attachment be, that we, being thoroughly  
 conversant with the result of actions,  
 do not care to cut asunder the net-  
 work of desires which brings distress  
 and misery in the end !



फलमलमशनाय खादु पानाय तोयं  
क्षितिरपि शयनार्थं वाससे वल्कलं च ।  
नवधनमधुपानभ्रान्तसर्वेन्द्रियाणा-  
मविनयमनुमन्तुं नोत्सहे दुर्जनानाम् ॥

For food, fruits in plenty grow. For  
drink, the sweet streams flow. For bed  
is the earth. For dress the beautiful  
trees supply their bark. Should man  
then thus enriched, in supplication kneel  
before the drunk and wealthy and  
demoralize himself by their jeers ?

विपुलहृदयैर्धन्यैः कैश्चिज्जगज्जनितं पुरा  
विधृतमपरैर्दत्तं चान्यैर्विजित्य तृणं यथा ।  
इह हि भुवनान्यन्ये धीराश्चतुर्दश भुञ्जते  
कतिपयपुरस्त्राम्ये पुंसां क एष मदज्वरः ॥

The almighty Lord created the worlds in days of yore. Others—large-hearted—were there who on their shoulders gladly bore the burden of them. There were some who conquered many a kingdom and realizing their worthlessness gave them away. Others there are who lord it over the fourteen worlds. In the face of such personages, has the vanity of the owners of a few acres any place ?

यदा किञ्चिज्ज्ञोऽहं द्विप इव मदान्धः समभवं  
तदा सर्वज्ञोऽस्मीत्यभवदवलितं मम मनः ।  
यदा किञ्चित् किञ्चिद् बुधजनसकाशादवगतं  
तदा मूर्खोऽस्मीति ज्वर इव मदो मे व्यपगतः ॥

When I knew very little, I thought  
I knew all. Vain I was like the mad  
elephant, blinded with passion. For-  
tunately as I came in touch with the  
enlightened ones I realized I had known  
nothing. Thus my conceit disappeared  
with the dawning of Truth.

अतिक्रान्तः कालो लटमललनाभोगसुभगो  
भ्रमन्तः श्रान्ताः स्मः सुचिरमिह संसारसरणौ ।  
इदानीं स्वःसिन्धोस्तटभुवि समाक्रन्दनगिरः  
सुतारैः फूत्कारैः शिव शिव शिवेति प्रतनुमः ॥

That wild passion of youth that sought to devour the youthful charms of jewel-bedecked ladies is past. A considerable portion of life has been wasted pursuing the phantoms of flesh—the objects of sensual pleasures. I feel exhausted. Now have I determined to denounce these temptresses who entangle by their blandishments and pass my days on the holy banks of the Ganges, ever loudly chanting the name of Śiva.

माने म्लायिनि खण्डिते च वसुनि व्यर्थे प्रयातेऽर्थिनि  
क्षीणे बन्धुजने गते परिजने नष्टे शनैर्यौवने ।  
युक्तं केवलमेतदेव सुधियां यज्जह्नुकन्यापयः-  
पूतग्रावगिरीन्द्रकन्दरतटीकुञ्जे निवासः क्वचित् ॥

With power and wealth turned  
alien: with the means of bestowing  
gifts exhausted: with brothers and  
sisters, wife and children, kinsmen and the  
loved ones departed from life: and with  
the madness of youth gradually gone see  
the right moment is come. Wise one,  
retreat into solitude, to some holy corner  
on a hill entwined by the holy waters of  
the Ganges.

वयं येभ्यो जाताश्चिरपरिगता एव खलु ते  
समं यैः संवृद्धाः स्मृतिविषयतां तेऽपि गमिताः ।  
इदानीमेते स्मः प्रतिदिवसमासन्नपतनाद्  
गतास्तुल्यावस्थां सिकतिलनदीतीरतरुभिः ॥

Our parents have long left us.  
Our friends who flourished and grew with  
us, they too are now lost to memory. We  
are now like the trees that stand on the  
sandy banks of a river, with roots  
gradually crumbling and wasting away  
with the dash of the intrushing  
currents.

यत्रानेकः कचिदपि गृहे तत्र तिष्ठत्यथैको  
यत्राप्येकस्तदनु बहवस्तत्र चान्ते न चैकः ।  
इत्थं चेमौ रजनिदिवसौ लोलयन् द्वाविवाक्षौ  
कालः काल्या भुवनफलके क्रीडति प्राणिशरैः ॥

The house that was at one time inhabited by so many now lies deserted. Another which was at one time occupied by only one is now too much crowded. Who does not know that a time shall come when none will remain therein. We are like mere pawns in this world—a board—whereon God Mahākāla is playing at dice with his consort Kālī, the dices being the night and day.

तपस्यन्तः सन्तः किमधिनिवसामः सुरनदीं  
गुणोदारान् दाराननुपरिचरामः सविनयम् ।  
पिबामः शास्त्रौघानुत विविधकाव्यामृतरसान्  
न विद्मः किं कुर्मः कतिपयनिमेषायुषि जने ॥

The space of life is so short and there are so many things to do. We cannot do all. Then which of these shall we choose? To pass our moments in meditation on the banks of the Ganges, or to devote ourselves to cultured wives or to drink deep from the fountain of the Śāstras or to enjoy beautiful poems?



गङ्गातीरे                      हिमगिरिशिलाबद्धपद्मासनस्य  
 ब्रह्मध्यानम्यसनविधिना      योगनिद्रां      गतस्य ।  
 किं तैर्भाव्यं मम सुदिवसैर्यत्र ते निर्विशङ्काः  
 संप्राप्स्यन्ते      जरठहरिणा      गात्रकण्डूविनोदम्॥

When will those happy days dawn,  
 when seated in the Padma posture on the  
 pure Himalyan peaks by the side of the  
 holy Ganges, unmindful of the surround-  
 ings, with closed eyes shall I contem-  
 plate the Brahma, absorbed in Yoga:  
 while the old deer shall fearlessly come  
 and rub its shoulders against my body  
 to pacify its itching sensations ?

स्फुरत्स्फारज्योत्स्नाधवलिततले क्वापि पुलिने  
 सुखासीनाः शान्तध्वनिषु रजनीषु द्युसरितः ।  
 भवाभोगोद्विग्नाः शिव शिव शिवेत्युच्चवचसः  
 कदा यास्यामोऽन्तर्गतबहुलबाष्पाकुलदशाम् ॥

When will those happy days come  
 when tired of ministering to the  
 whims, pleasures and enjoyments of the  
 body, we shall be loudly chanting the  
 name of Lord Śiva, with eyes bedimmed  
 with tears of deep emotion and sitting at  
 ease on the holy banks of the Ganges, its  
 waters glittering in the pervading brilliant  
 moonlight softly playing on it, with silence  
 reigning throughout the night ?

आशा नाम नदी मनोरथजला तृष्णातरङ्गाकुला  
 रागग्राहवती वितर्कविहगा धैर्यद्रुमध्वंसिनी ।  
 मोहावर्त्तसुदुस्तरातिगहना प्रोत्तुङ्गचिन्तातटी  
 तस्याः पारगता विशुद्धमनसो नन्दन्ति योगीश्वराः ॥

Hope is like a river: desires  
 the water therein: avarice is the waves  
 and attachment for the objects of the  
 world are the alligators to be found in  
 it. Doubts are the water-fowls. Glamour  
 of the world is the whirlpool in it:  
 cares and anxieties the tall and steep banks  
 slowly eating away the roots of the  
 Tree of Contentment that stands there.  
 How difficult to cross the fathomless River  
 of Life ! Blessed is the Yogī who does it  
 with a pure heart, and attains to joy.

भोगा मेघवितानमध्यविलसत्सौदामनीचञ्चला  
आयुर्वायुविघटिताब्जपटलीलीनाम्बुवद्भङ्गुरम् ।  
लोला यौवनललसास्तनुभृतामित्याकलय्य द्रुतं  
योगे धैर्यसमाधिसिद्धिसुलभे बुद्धिं विधध्वं बुधाः॥

The enjoyments of the world, the pleasures of senses, are like the flash of lightning in the raincloud. The life of man is transitory like drops of water sticking to clouds scattered hither and thither by the blast of winds. The passions and hopes of youth are turbulent. Let the wise ones, therefore, collecting their mind with patience, enter Yoga.



एतस्माद् विरमेन्द्रियार्थगहनादायासकादाश्रया-  
च्छ्रेयोमार्गमशेषदुःखशमनव्यापारदक्षं क्षणात् ।  
स्वात्मीभावमुपैहि सन्त्यज निजां कल्लोललोलां गतिं  
मा भूयो भज भङ्गुरां भवरतिं चेतः प्रसीदाधुना ॥

Mind ! calm thyself. To satisfy the senses do not exert strenuously for the objects the worldlings aspire after. Seek internal peace, which shall destroy sorrows and lead to salvation. Know thy nature. Restrain the fruitless movements. Never seek worldly happiness, which is transitory and liable to destruction. Seek refuge in the Ātmā wherein alone lies Peace.

यूयं वयं वयं यूयमित्यासीन्मतिरावयोः ।

किं जातमधुना येन यूयं यूयं वयं वयम्॥

There was a time when so deep  
was our attachment that I was thou  
and thou I. Things have since changed  
and what a change! I am now myself  
and thou art thyself.

मातर्लक्ष्मि भजस्व कश्चिदपरं मत्काङ्क्षिणी मास्म भू-  
 भोगेभ्यः स्पृहयालवो न हि वयं का निःस्पृहाणामसि ।  
 सद्यःस्यूतपलाशपत्रपुटिकापात्रे पवित्रीकृते  
 भिक्षासक्तुभिरेव सम्प्रति वयं वृत्तिं समीहामहे ॥

O Mother Lakṣmī, spread thou thy  
 snares elsewhere; seek thou now some  
 other more obliging devotee. Abandon  
 hopes to entangle me. I have no  
 desire left for worldly enjoyments. Before  
 desireless beings like me, thou wilt  
 find thyself helpless. Determined am I  
 now to pass my days, living on a  
 handful of fried grain flour got by  
 begging, using the Palāśa leaves for the  
 princely crockery.

रम्यं हर्म्यतलं न किं वसतये श्रव्यं न गेयादिकं  
किं वा प्राणसमासमागमसुखं नैवाधिकं प्रीतये ।  
किं तु भ्रान्तपतङ्गपक्षपवनव्यालोलदीपाङ्कुर-  
च्छायाचञ्चलमाकलय्य सकलं सन्तो वनान्तं गताः ॥

Had not many of the saints, the grandest of the palaces to dwell in and the sweetest of songs to hear? Was not the company of charming damsels ever ready at their beck and call? What was it, then, that drove them to the forests?

Yes, they were possessed of it all. They forsook the world and its allurements because they saw the transient nature of the world, like the falling wings of the moth, like the flickering shadow of the burning candle-flame. The instability of the world drove them from it.



मही रम्या शय्या विपुलमुपधानं भुजलता  
 वितानं चाकाशं व्यजनमनुकूलोऽयमनिलः ।  
 स्फुरद्दीपश्चन्द्रो विरतिवनितासङ्गमुदितः  
 सुखं शान्तः शेते मुनिरतनुभूतिर्नृप इव ॥

The sages enjoy the bare ground as  
 their bed, on which in comfort they sleep  
 as the kings on their elegant couches.  
 Their arm serves for a soft pillow, the  
 sky for a canopy, the fragrant breeze  
 for a fan, the moon for a lamp.  
 Renunciation is their consort in whose  
 warm embrace they enjoy the same  
 pleasure as a king possessing immense  
 riches finds in the company of his loving  
 queen.

एकाकी निःस्पृहः शान्तः पाणिपात्रो दिगम्बरः ।

कदा शम्भो भविष्यामि कर्मनिर्मूलनक्षमः ॥

Tell me O Śiva, when shall I find solitude, be freed from desires and obtain peace ? When shall my hand serve me as the sole receptacle to receive water, and the space around cover me as with garments ? When shall I be able to uproot the tree, born of the fruit of my Karmas, and obtain liberation from rebirth, the direct consequence of our actions ?

यतो मेरुः श्रीमान् निपतति युगान्ताग्निवल्तिः  
समुद्राः शुष्यन्ति प्रचुरमकरग्राहिनिलयाः ।  
धरा गच्छत्यन्तं धरणिधरपादैरपि धृता  
शरीरे का वार्ता करिकलभकर्णाग्रचपले ॥

In that great conflagration of  
Pralaya even the mighty Mount Sumeru  
shall crumble to dust: the wide Oceans,  
the home of alligators and crocodiles,  
shall dry up: even the earth on which  
these huge mountains find support shall  
be destroyed. What support does this  
frail human body expect, that flutters  
at every whiff of the breeze like the  
fan-like ears of the elephant, which are  
constantly restless ?

प्राप्ताः श्रियः सकलकामदुःखास्ततः किं  
न्यस्तं पदं शिरसि विद्विषतां ततः किम् ।  
सम्पादिताः प्रणयिनो विभवैस्ततः किं  
कल्पं स्थितास्तनुभृतां तनवस्ततः किम् ॥

What matters, if thou art the master  
of riches that could satisfy all thy  
desires ! What, if all thy enemies are  
annihilated and friends richly served with  
wealth ! What if the span of thy life be  
lengthened to a million years !

जीर्णा कन्या ततः किं सितममलपटं पट्टसूत्रं ततः किं  
 एका भार्या ततः किं ह्यकरिसुगणैरावृतो वा ततः किम् ।  
 भक्तं भुक्तं ततः किं कदशनमथवा वासरान्ते ततः किं  
 व्यक्तज्योतिर्न वान्तर्मथितभवभयं वैभवं वा ततः किम् ॥

Again, what if tattered garments  
 served thee for a robe, or silken tassels  
 and fine white linen adorned thee !  
 What if thou hast only one wife for a  
 companion or if thou art surrounded by  
 beautiful damsels, elephants and horses !  
 What if fed on rich dishes or forced  
 to a frugal meal at the end of the day !  
 The heights reached or privations suffered  
 by thee are to no purpose, if the lamp  
 of knowledge is not lighted in thee, and  
 the dawn of enlightenment, which destroys  
 the fear of transmigration, has not been  
 thy lot.

रम्याश्चान्द्रमरीचयस्तृणवती रम्या वनान्तस्थली  
रम्यं साधुसमागमागतसुखं काव्येषु रम्याः कथाः ।  
कोपोपाहितबाष्पबिन्दुतरलं रम्यं प्रियाया मुखं  
सर्वं रम्यमनित्यतामुपगते चित्ते न किञ्चित् पुनः ॥

Beautiful moonlight; the green  
velvety glades covered with grass; the  
company of dear friends; the charms  
of passion-poetry; the pearly drops in  
the agitated beloved's eyes; all these  
captivated my heart once. Since the  
transience of the world is depicted  
vividly before my mind's eye, all these  
enjoyments have now turned insipid  
and lost their charms for me.

किं वेदैः स्मृतिभिः पुराणपठनैः शास्त्रैर्महाविस्तरैः  
 स्वर्गग्रामकुटीनिवासफलदैः कर्मक्रियाविभ्रमैः ।  
 मुक्तवैकं भवदुःखभाररचनाविध्वंसकालानलं  
 स्वात्मानन्दपदप्रवेशकलनं शेषा वणिग्वृत्तयः ॥

The study of the Vedas, the Smṛtis, the Purāṇas, the numerous Śāstras and the practice of the sacrificial rites can at best attain for the devotee a small place in Paradise; no other gain can it ensure. These are like small gains of traders. Nothing but Self-Realization shall be the sole pursuit of the devotee and it alone shall lead him to cut the bonds of misery in this world.

ब्रह्माण्डमण्डलीमात्रं किं लोभाय मनस्विनः ।

शफरीस्फुरितेनाविः क्षुब्धो न खलु जायते ॥

Those on whom the light has dawned,  
those who have attained to the know-  
ledge of Brahma, them the entire world  
cannot win over. The frisking of the  
fry can seldom arouse a wave in the  
waters of the sea.



मातर्मेदिनि तात मारुत सखे तेजः सुबन्धो जलं  
भ्रातर्व्योम निबद्ध एव भवतामन्त्यः प्रणामाञ्जलिः ।  
युष्मत्सङ्गवशोपजातसुकृतस्फारस्फुरन्निर्मल-  
ज्ञानापास्तसमस्तमोहमहिमा लीये परब्रह्मणि ॥

O mother earth, father air, friend  
light, kinsman water, brother sky, I  
bid you farewell with folded hands.  
Born of you I did perform many a  
holy act, the fruits whereof opened the  
doors of enlightenment for me and  
destroyed the evil attachments for the  
world. Now I merge myself in the  
Supreme Brahma.

यदाऽऽसीदज्ञानं स्मरतिमिरसंस्कारजनितं  
तदा दृष्टं नारीमयमिदमशेषं जगदपि ।  
इदानीमस्माकं पटुतरविवेकाञ्जनजुषां  
समीभूता दृष्टिस्त्रिभुवनमपि ब्रह्म तनुते ॥

Cupid coloured my vision and steeped  
in ignorance I lay. The whole world then  
appeared to me full of beautiful maidens.  
The collyrium of discrimination I applied  
to my eyes. Now I saw clearly and  
found that the three worlds were nothing  
but the Lord Himself.

यावत् स्वस्थमिदं शरीरमरुजं यावच्च दूरे जरा  
यावच्चेन्द्रियशक्तिरप्रतिहता यावत् क्षयो नायुषः ।  
आत्मश्रेयसि तावदेव विदुषा कार्यः प्रयत्नो महान्  
संदीप्ते भवने तु कूपखननं प्रत्युद्यमः कीदृशः ॥

So long as this body is in good health and free from ailments, old age is at a distance, the senses maintain their vigour, and the sands of life have not run, the wise one should vigorously strive for salvation; or else it would be too late. What profiteth the man that starts digging a well when the house is already on fire ?

ज्ञानं सतां मानमदादिनाशनं  
केषाञ्चिदेतन्मदमानकारणम् ।  
स्थानं विविक्तं यतिनां विमुक्तये  
कामातुराणामतिकामकारणम् ॥

Everything in this world can be put to misuse. Knowledge in the wise destroys vanity and pride. In the wicked it develops conceit and arrogance. Solitude to the devotee is apt to secure salvation. In the adulterer, it only feeds the flame of lust and passion.

नाथं ते समयो रहस्यमधुना निद्राति नाथो यदि  
स्थित्वा द्रक्ष्यति कुप्यति प्रभुरिति द्वारेषु येषां वचः ।  
चेतस्तानपहाय याहि भवनं देवस्य विश्वेशितु-  
निर्दौवारिकनिर्दयोक्त्यपरुषं निःसीमशर्मप्रदम् ॥

My heart ! you knocked at the door of a petty man of the earth. You were told:—

“The lord sleeps, or he is discussing confidential matters, you cannot see him now.” You prefer to wait. They tell you “the lord would be angry if he sees you here.” Why not, then, seek the door of the Lord of the Universe ? No guard stands there. None is there to utter a harsh word to you. The approach is without a bar and unbounded peace reigns supreme there.

प्रियसख विपद्दण्डव्रातप्रपातपरम्परा-  
तिपरिचपले चिन्ताचक्रे निधाय विधिः खलः ।  
मृदमिव बलात् पिण्डीकृत्य प्रगल्भकुलालवद्  
भ्रमयति मनो नो जानीमः किमत्र विधास्यति ॥

With gentle thumps, with a wooden  
piece, O Friend, on the revolving-wheel,  
the potter moulds his wet lump of clay. So  
doth the Creator, the crafty Potter, revolve  
my mind His clay, with vicissitudes for  
the wooden piece, on the wheel of cares. I  
stand aghast, ignorant, watching, while the  
Potter has His way.

रे कन्दर्प करं कदर्थयसि किं कोदण्डटङ्कारितै  
 रे रे कोकिल कोमलैः कलरवैः किं त्वं वृथा जल्पसि ।  
 मुग्धे स्निग्धविदग्धमुग्धमधुरैर्लोलैः कटाक्षैरलं  
 चेतश्चुम्बितचन्द्रचूडचरणध्यानमृतं वर्तते ॥

Why raisest thou thy bow to shoot  
 the shaft of love, O Cupid ? In vain thou  
 singest before me thy song of separation  
 from thy beloved, O cuckoo. Why castest  
 thou in vain thy lustful glances, O  
 beautiful maiden ? Ye cannot swerve me  
 from the path of righteousness, now that  
 I have drunk deep of the nectar flowing  
 from meditation on the feet of Śiva.

कौपीनं शतखण्डजर्जरतरं कन्था पुनस्तादृशी  
 नैश्चिन्त्यं निरपेक्षभैक्ष्यमशनं निद्रा श्मशाने वने ।  
 स्वातन्त्र्येण निरङ्कुशं विहरणं स्वान्तं प्रशान्तं सदा  
 स्थैर्यं योगमहोत्सवेऽपि च यदि त्रैलोक्यराज्येन किम् ॥

Why should one be tempted by even the kingdom of the three worlds? Is it not enough to have a torn loin-cloth and a tattered rag to cover oneself with, to move about carefree living on whatever is obtained by begging, to have the forest or a cremation-ground for one's bed-chamber, to be allowed to move about without any restraint in entire peace and to have contentment and the enjoyment of meditation ?



धन्यानां गिरिकन्दरे निवसतां ज्योतिः परं ध्यायता-  
मानन्दाश्रुकणान् पिबन्ति शकुना निःशङ्कमङ्केशयाः ।  
अस्माकं तु मनोरथोपरचितप्रासादवापीतट-  
क्रीडाकाननकेलिकौतुकजुषामायुः परं क्षीयते ॥

Blessed are they that dwell in mountain caves meditating on the Supreme Light, tears of joy flow down their cheeks and allay the thirst of the chirping little birds that fearlessly sit on their laps. And our lives, alas! are spent in pursuit of futile amusements, seeking pleasure amongst pleasure gardens, standing by sparkling fountains and in big palaces of Desires.

आधिव्याधिशतैर्जनस्य विविधैरारोग्यमुन्

लक्ष्मीर्यत्र पतन्ति तत्र विवृतद्वारा इव व्य

जातं जातमवश्यमाशु विवशं मृत्युः करोत्यात

तत् किं तेन निरङ्कुशेन विधिना यन्निर्मितं सुखि

Numerous are the diseases of  
mind and the flesh that prey on  
human frame. Wherever dwelleth  
wealth and power, misery and mishaps  
in, as through an open door. De-  
sure to follow him soon, who is  
We shall never escape its jaws. I qu-  
myself, where is that object  
by the wilful Creator that man  
for ever ?

कृच्छ्रेणामेध्यमध्ये नियमिततनुभिः स्तीयते गर्भमध्ये  
कान्ताविश्लेषदुःखव्यतिकरविषमो यौवने चोपमोगः ।  
वामाक्षीणामवज्ञाविहसितवसतिर्वृद्धभावोऽप्यसाधुः  
संसारे रे मनुष्या वदत यदि सुखं स्वल्पमप्यस्ति किञ्चित् ॥

In his earliest stage man lies tortured and huddled up in the mother's womb, enveloped in impurities. Pain crosses the path of the passionate youth, yearning for his separated beloved. In old age, man is sneered at by handsome youngdamsels. Tell me, then, O men, if there is anything in this world which may make you the least happy.

व्याघ्रीव तिष्ठति जरा परितर्जयन्ती  
रोगाश्च शत्रव इव ग्रहरन्ति देहम् ।  
आयुः परिस्रवति भिन्नघटादिबाम्भो  
लोकस्तथाप्यहितमाचरतीति चित्रम् ॥

Like the dreaded wolf old age stands threatening at the door. Diseases like enemies besiege the citadel of health. Life like water from the cracked water-jar silently flows away. What a wonder that man, in the teeth of all these facts, should act in a way harmful to himself !

गात्रं संकुचितं गतिर्विगलिता भ्रष्टा च दन्तावलि-  
 दृष्टिर्नश्यति वर्धते बधिरता वक्त्रं च लालयते ।  
 वाक्यं नाद्रियते च बान्धवजनो भार्या न शुश्रूषते  
 हा कष्टं पुरुषस्य जीर्णवयसः पुत्रोऽप्यमित्रायते ॥

O, the misery of old age ! The body shrivels up. The gait becomes unsteady. The teeth give way. The eyes do not see, the ears do not hear. His mouth constantly begins to emit saliva. An old man's advice goes unheeded. The wife or relations do not look after him. And to crown all, even a son rises in rebellion.

अहौ वा हारे वा बलवति रिपौ वा सुहृदि वा  
मणौ वा लोष्ट्रे वा कुसुमशयने वा दृषदि वा ।  
तृणे वा स्त्रैणे वा मम समदृशो यान्ति दिवसाः  
क्वचित् पुण्यारण्ये शिव शिव शिवेति प्रलपतः ॥

How I wish I could pass my days  
in a sacred forest with the name of  
Lord Śiva constantly on my lips ! How  
I wish I could regard all as the same—  
a fragment of the all-pervading Brahma !  
Would these eyes leave making any  
distinction between reptiles and pets,  
between the menacing foe and the gentle  
friend, between a shining gem and a  
clod of earth, between a bed strewn  
with flowers and the hard stone-slab,  
between the insignificant straw and the  
dazzling damsel !

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वयमिह परितुष्टा वल्कलैस्त्वं दुकूलैः  
सम इह परितोषो निर्विशेषो विशेषः ।  
स तु भवतु दरिद्रो यस्य तृष्णा विशाला  
मनसि च परितुष्टे कोऽर्थवान् को दरिद्रः ॥

Barks of trees for dress satisfy some:  
silk robes satisfy others. Both find  
contentment in an equal degree. When  
the mind is contented, the distinction  
between the rich and poor vanishes  
Those alone are truly poor who can  
find no contentment owing to their  
inordinate greed.



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